Vol. IV. Numb. 51.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Joan's *Angry that the* Country-man's *turn'd* Obſervator; *and tells him the Story of the Miller that was Hang'd for his Maſter. Reflections on an Apothecary in* Southwark, *for railing againſt Doctor* Willis's *Sermon. A paſſage in a Sermon Preached before the Judges. Of Mr.* Brown's, *and Mr.* Baldwin's *Proſecution.*

From **Saturday** September the 22d, to **Wednesday** September the 26th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter, I am ſorry to find you ſo much out of Order, can't this Son of *Æſculapius* kill this hot Enemy that has laid Seige to your Earthly Tabernacle? This comes of drinking Poiſon Wine at *London*; if you would ſtay with me in the *Country* and drink *October*, the wholeſome Juice of *Barley*, your Mortal Corps would be in no danger.

Obſ. Thou knoweſt I was in the ſweet Air, far enough off, till Mr. *Envoys* Complaint brought me to Town, and I was unwilling to give the leaſt Suſpicion of Guilt by Non-Appearance.

Country-m. I am ſure it has brought me under a great difficulty. I went to a Coffee-Houſe at *London*, and in comes a *Superannuated High-Flyer*, who, by his Age and Phiz, look'd as if he had been concerned in the Maſſacre of *Ireland*; down he ſits, like Old *Winter*, next the Fire, Saddles his Noſe, and very Reverently calls for the *Obſervator*, as ſoon as he took it up; *Aye, aye*, ſaid he, *now we have got the Rogue, the* Country-man *is turned* Obſervator, *we have him as round as a Hoop.* At which I took up my Whip and away I trudg'd.

But, Maſter, the worſt on't was, when I came Home and expected a good Supper, I met with nothing but a Diſh of *Pouts* from *Joan*, ſhe ſtar'd at me like a *Hell-Cat*: What's the matter *Joan?* quoth I: *Matter*, ſaid ſhe, *Matter enough I think, you'll never leave till you have Ruin'd your ſelf. Joan*, ſaid I, out with it, or elſe I'll Lace your Jacket.

So *Joan* in ſhort told me, that I was turn'd *Obſervator*, as ſhe was told, and that there was a great *ſome-Body* come from *ſome-where*, that would Hang you and I too: *Joan*, ſaid I, I'll be Hang'd indeed if the *Devil* or the *Tacking-Prieſt* han't been a Tempting of thee, ſince I went to Town. Hang us, Quotha! No Body can Hang us for being true to our *Queen* and *Country* as we always have been. And as long as Maſter *Obſervator* is Sick, I will help'n even to the laſt Gaſp.

Hark you, Roger, ſaid ſhe, *I'll tell you a Story. Once upon a time, under the Tyranny of a certain Uſurper, the Rulers of the Iniquities of thoſe times had given Orders to ſome of their Men to Hang up a certain Miller at his own Door; this cunning Thief ſome how or other had got Intelligence thereof, and in order to ſave himſelf, told his Man that he was going into the Country to buy Corn, and if any Strangers came in his Abſence, he ſhould own himſelf to be Maſter of the Houſe, and Act as if it were for himſelf.*

In a day or two after the Miller *had been Abſent, theſe People come and enquire after him*; Where's the Maſter of the Houſe, *ſays they? Out comes the Man with his Arms A-kem-bow*, I am Maſter of the Houſe, *quoth he. Whereupon they ſeiz'd him, and carrying him to a Tree, put a Halter about his Neck, at which he cry'd out hideouſly*, What are you going to do? What are you going to do? *Said one of the Fellows*, We are going to Hang you for *Treaſon* you have committed againſt the *State. Then the Fellow down'd on his Knees and told 'em*, That he was not the Maſter, he was the Man, and that his Maſter was gone into the Country, and had bid'n own himſelf to be Maſter. Well, well, *ſaid they*, thou can'ſt never do thy Maſter a better piece of Service than to be Hang'd for him; *and ſo they e'en tuck'd him up.---Doſt hear* Roger, quoth ſhe! *Make Application of this Story to thy ſelf. Wilt thou be Hang'd for thy Friend* Obſervator? *Mind me* Roger.

No, no, ſaid I, I won't be Hang'd, nor ſhall Maſter *Obſervator* be Hang'd. Tho' we have a *German Complaint*, we muſt have an *Engliſh Jury*, and muſt be Try'd by *Engliſh Laws*, and we are reſolved to ſtand it; I hope, Maſter *Obſervator* will recover to Try this Cauſe; 'twill be much for the Advantage of the *Engliſh* and *Proteſtant Intereſt.*

Obſ. The Nation will find it ſo, if pleaſe God to enable me with Strength to manage the Point; let it reſt till then. But, prithee, what do the Folk ſay at the *Coffee-Houſes* where thou haſt been?

Country-m. Maſter, the *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers* are as Rampant as ever, and well they may, for———. I came into a *Coffee-Houſe* in *Southwark*, to drink a Diſh of *Mahometan*, where I found a little *Diminutive Fundament-driver*, whoſe *Body* was juſt proportion'd to his *Sence*, *Pigmy* both in *Corps* and *Underſtanding.*

The Gentlemen preſent, were applauding the *Sermon* Preach'd before the *Queen* at St. *Pauls*, by Doctor *Willis*; ſaid this *Dandy-prat*, *'Twas a Silly Fooliſh thing, and I would give a Shilling to the Common Hangman to burn it before my Door*; and Rav'd on in abundance of *Treaſonable Expreſſions*; and the People preſent being *Honeſt Loyal Men*, I wonder'd none of 'em took him up.

Upon which I aſk'd one of 'em why d'ye ſuffer that *Jacobite Phairy* to redicule any thing the Queen has been pleas'd to approve, and what has the Commendation of all the Honeſt People of the Kingdom? Said one of 'em, *Sir, what would you have us to do? Should any of us Towel the Tiny Wretch, ten to one but we Kill him, and 'twould vex a Man to be Hang'd for Killing a* Monkey: *And we can't yet find out who to complain to againſt ſuch kind of Fellows, and ſo e'en let'n go like a ——— as he is.*

Obſ. Oh, I know that Fellow, he's always Plying about the *Park* and *Mint*, and often in the *Burrough*, ſpitting his Venom againſt the *Government.* Prithee, Man, I my ſelf have heard him talk *Treaſon* for an hour together; he's one of *Leſleys* Church.

Country-m. Another thing the *Jacks* rail at, is

Peace

Peace and *Union*; all the *Coffee-House* Diſcourſe of the Party is banter and redicule on that Subject. *Moderation* is accus'd as Injurious to *High-Church*, and they ſay that the Doctrine is Encourag'd and Preach'd up to undermine the *Church*, *i. e.* the *Jacobite Church of* England.

A Gentleman who had lately been the Circuits told me, That a Parſon, in a Sermon Preach'd before the *Judges*, had this Expreſſion, *We have Men of ſuch Tender and Charitable Spirits, and Sweet Tempers, that can bear Reflections, tho' it be from a Race of* Vipers *and* Villains: *What* Charity *is there to be ſhown to ſuch a* Vitious, Lewd, Factious *Combination of Men?* Now, Maſter, han't *High-Church* and the *Beau-Writers* a great deal of Reaſon to accuſe your *Country-man* of rough and unmannerly Language?

Obſ. I am ſure, Honeſt *Country-man*, we have among us Men of ſuch ſear'd and hardn'd *Conſciencies*, that they are *Enemies* to *God* and all that is *Good*; Men of ſuch ſanguinary and bloody *Principles*, that nothing will ſatisfie them but the utter Deſtruction of their Fellow *Proteſtants*. Men of ſuch Rebellious *Natures* that they *Rouſe* them againſt the Beſt of *Queens*, and the moſt Legal of *Governments*. Men, who, whilſt they are in *Power*, are the moſt *Inſulting*, *Officious Creatures* that can be; and when Diſplaced from *Authority*, like the fallen *Angels*, annoy the Happineſs of thoſe who are true to their *Country*; and like them alſo are continually Tempting them from their *Allegiance* to their Lawful *Soveraign*.

And tho' we ought, according to the Rules of *Humanity* and *Religion*, to ſhow *Charity* to ſuch a *Lewd Profligate Combination* of *Men*; yet, for the Preſervation of our *Peace*, the Security of our *Religion* and *Liberty*, are we bound to keep thoſe Weapons out of their hands, with which they would deſtroy Us. I mean *Power* and *Authority*. I could ſay ſomething more to this Head, would my Indiſpoſition admit of it.

Country-m. Pray take one Sup of your *Julep* to keep up your Spirits, for I am deſired, by a Friend, to aſk you one Queſtion concerning your preſent Caſe. It ſeems upon the Concluſion of the *Peace* of *Ryſwick*, a Perſon was Proſecuted for Speaking againſt the *French* King; do you remember any thing of it?

Obſ. Yes, Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the *Poet*, was put into *Limbo* for Writing a *Satyr* upon the *French* King; as indeed, againſt whom, all the *Jacobites* in *England* had Reaſon of Complaint, for he told 'em in the beginning of the War, *That he would never Sheath his Sword till ſuch time as he had Reſtor'd King* James, *and then Concluded a Peace without taking Notice of him.*

Another Perſon at that time (ſo very fond were we of our new Friend, ſo Faithful in all Leagues and Treaties) was alſo Bound over. This Perſon was Mr. *Richard Baldwin*, the Printer, his Crime was for Printing ſomething in a News-Paper Reflecting, as I remember, on the Duke of *Burgundy*, one of the *Popes* Great Grand Children, ſo much were we then in Love with the *Grizly Tyrant*.

But the Proſecutors over-ſhot themſelves in their Zeal for their new Friends Honour, for they never enquir'd whether the *French* King, or any of his Scribblers had abus'd King *William*, yea or no; but they minded the main Point to curry Favour; but it appearing that at that time, and ſome time after, the *French* King gave King *William* no other Title, on his Publick News, than that of Prince of *Orange*, and believing that *Free-born Engliſhmen* would take, in that Point, the Liberty of *Slaves*. The Proſecutors became Sick of their Lay, and the Party was diſcharg'd. However Mr. *Baldwin* told me that Jobb coſt him at leaſt 20 *l.*

Country-m. Maſter, not one Word more. I find you are juſt going to have 'tother Struggle for Life. I pray God Comfort you.

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